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REAL MACHINE POLITICS.

Machine politics bids fair to become a reality instead of a metaphor. Hitherto the mechanism used by political organizations has not been of iron, steel, wood and rubber, but of men.

This promises to be changed by the improved mechanical methods which the Independence League is introducing. Mr. Hearst has been speaking for several hours into a phonograph from which master roll hundreds of reproductions will be made and circulated throughout the State, so that any one can hear Mr. Hearst's speech without going to the trouble of attending a Hearst meeting.

This is the first step toward recognizing the great possibilities of real machinery as applied to politics. Candidates have hitherto kept to printed circulars and spoken speeches, with the physical impressions the mass of the voters receive caused by campaign lithographs and distorted pictures. Both State committees have for years neglected the opportunities offered by the telephone, the phonograph, moving pictures and the electrical telescope.

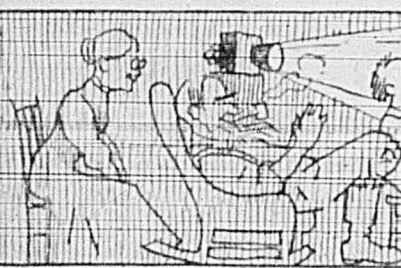
It is needless to hire halls and to subject thousands of people to the discomforts of a crowded political meeting. Every penny arcade, with its sightseeing phonographs and moving pictures, could furnish all the conveniences of a political meeting, accessible at any hour of the day.

By a combination of the telephone, the megaphone, moving pictures and the recently invented mechanical orchestra Mr. Hearst and Mr. Hughes could each in his library every evening address political meetings throughout the State. It would be unnecessary to hire bands, because the electrical orchestra could furnish the music. Properly arranged screens would show a moving picture of the candidate delivering the address.

From Montauk Point to Dunkirk, from Rouse's Point to Tottenville, from Potsdam to Elmira, in every city, village and hamlet of the State, there could be a simultaneous meeting. In the purely rural communities the moving-picture roll and a phonograph could be set up in the post-office or the country store, and the farmers could see the candidate and hear him speaking while the postmaster was sorting out the mail.

Every house could be equipped with an orchestra receiver, a telephone and electrical moving pictures.

Maybe this application of modern inventions to political meetings may lead to the adoption of mechanical voting. Voting-machines are already in Buffalo, Rochester and a few other places in the western part



of the State. With their adoption throughout the State, the result of the election would be known within an hour after the polls closed.

The principle of the voting-machine is a combination of a hotel annunciator with a cash register. Instead of "Ice-Water, Porter, Chambermaid" and like legends on the annunciator's face, the names of the candidates are printed. Back of the dial face is counting mechanism. A voter is allowed to punch the knob opposite the names of what candidate he prefers, the machine being self-locking to prevent punching any knob more than once. The mechanism automatically counts the vote, and the result is as easily ascertained as the number of fares run up on an open-face street-car register.

Long-continued boss domination has suppressed the development of politics on modern lines. Machine politics has become a byword synonymous with boss dictation and political corruption.

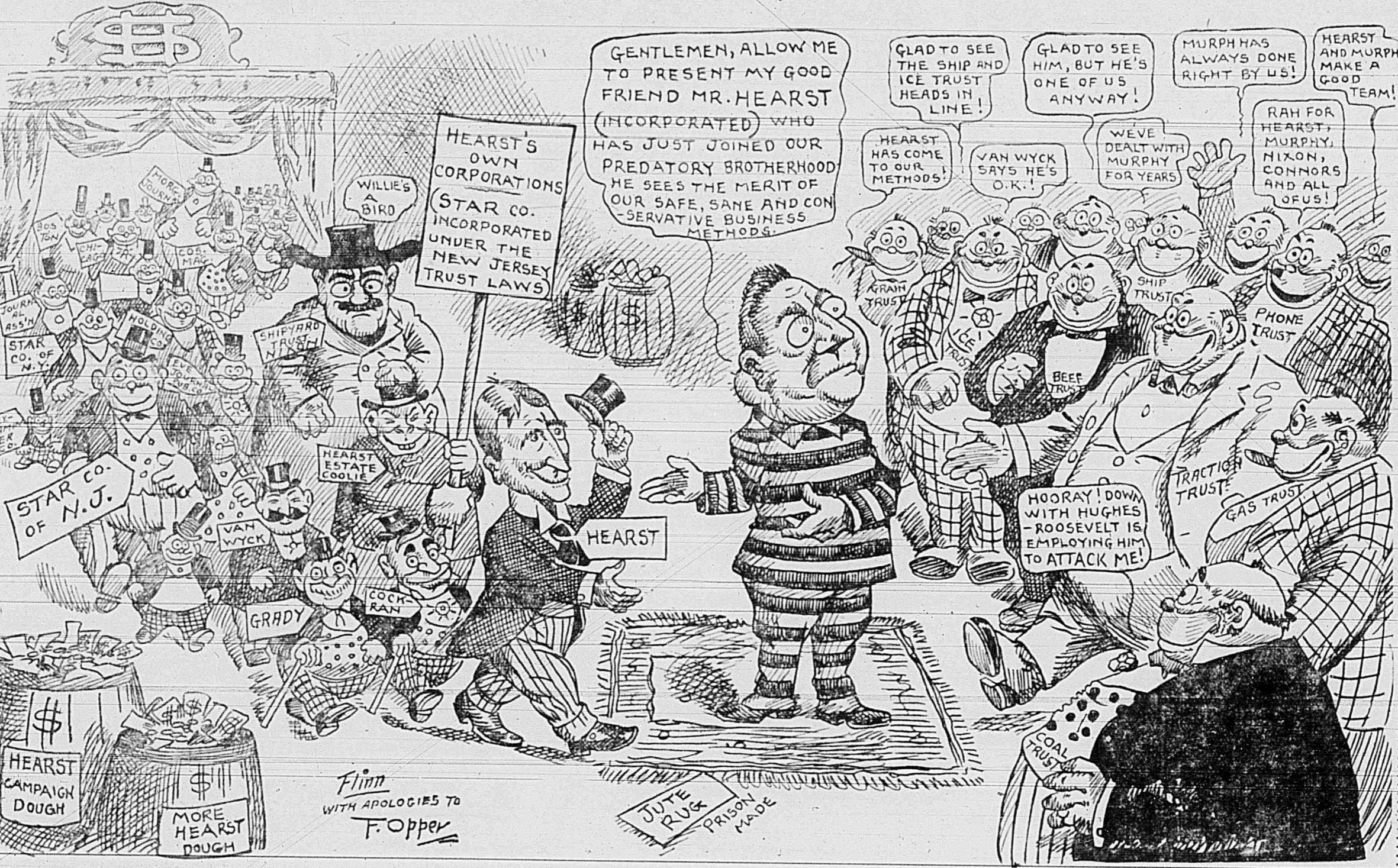
The day may come when machine politics will mean only the application of modern mechanical inventions, without the stigma it has so long borne.

Letters from the People.

American.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
If the parents of a child born during a tour in Germany are Americans that nationality is the child's. NORMAN.
One Version of Old Custom.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
In reply to "High School" query as to the reason why people say "God bless you" when someone sneezes, I would inform "High School" that many years ago a sneezing epidemic was prevalent throughout Ireland. Several remedies were tried, but to no avail until some one said: "God bless you," which at once stopped the sneezing. Since then the simple but beautiful words are in widespread use. It is

MR. MURPHY INTRODUCES MR. HEARST AND HIS CORPORATIONS TO MONOPOLY LODGE.

"This may seem an exaggeration to the reader, but it is nevertheless a fact that each and every corporation depicted" in this transformation scene is an ACTUAL CORPORATION owned by Mr. Hearst or an associate of Mr. Hearst's own holding company trust, Star Co. of New Jersey, organized under New Jersey laws to do business as all the other trusts do.—Ed.)
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(Adapted from Mr. Oppen's Cartoon of Yesterday.)



New York Thro' Funny Glasses.

By I. S. Cobb.

The Rampant Betting Commissioner.

THE annual activities of the betting commissioner are in their heyday at this writing. It has been held that the main difference between the seventeen-year-old locust and the betting commissioner is that the locust lives only for a few weeks, while the betting commissioner is that we only have the locust every seventeen years. By the same process of reasoning it is easy to deduce that the betting commissioner is seventeen times worse. Some authorities say seventy-seven times.

Betting commissioning is one of the learned professions that needs no capital. A kind-dried nerve is better than great riches and an excellent imagination is greatly to be desired. All that is required for a betting commissioner to wage a princely amount on a race for constable is a mental effort. But any time he should be called upon to put up \$3.55 in a lump sum his friends would have to rally about him and render prompt assistance.

For ten months in the year he is prominently in the public eye only when somebody is buying drinks all around at the Silk Avenue or the Coughman House bar. But the day after the first State convention a cheering shout is heard as he emerges from the shell and begins to chirp. By the time the campaign is fairly under way he's the liveliest red ant that ever danced on a hot rock.

At this season he may be spotted afar off. The most salient features of his regalia are an approximate diamond and a timeworn waistcoat—one of those hectic garments that you have to look up at night in a tight-fitting bureau drawer to keep it from keeping the baby awake. Also he has a note-book in which, from time to time, he makes entries with the proud and happy air of St. Peter posting up the satisfaction book on John D. J. Sometime he carries a neat roll of paper money for flash purposes. This, however, is not necessary, and some betting commissioners omit it altogether, although it undoubtedly does add to the general effect and is often useful for purposes of stage decoration in working up the climax.

We read in the public prints that Betting Commissioner Batsky has eleven million dollars to post in lots of two hundred thousand up at odds of seventy-five to one that Holst will carry Catwampus County by 40,000 majority.

At the particular moment when this interesting piece of information is coming hot from the press Mr. Batsky is endeavoring to effect a reciprocity arrangement with his laundryman on the basis of putting in one quilted shirt and taking out one clean one.

THE FUNNY PART:
Every year we fall for him all over again.

THE MEN IN THE NEWS—Straight Talks to Them—By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

Here's a Chance for the Great Library Distributor to Brace Up the Intellectuals of Ambitious Chorus Grls.



DEAR MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE—Here's your chance. The chorus girls of New York have found a library for the improvement of their little minds. All they need is what they always need—is money.
Herewith I formally petition you to endow their library so that, as the press agent says, they need no longer strain their eyes over fancy work, but can sprain their minds over science, philosophy and history and just a few good novels.
Possibly the picture of Edith and Ethel and Mabel standing in the wings with some dainty piece of half-made lingerie in their hands on which they permit their "favorites" among the chorus girls to mutter a few more words, is more artistic and picturesque than the spectacle they will present spring over Charles and Emerson and Tom Paine.
Maybe you think the chorus reads novels, Mr. Carnegie. I think it will surprise you to know that Emerson is the chorus girl's delight. I have never seen one reading Emerson, to be sure, but the truth of no theatrical think is complete without a copy of the "Essays" ostentatiously displayed in the top of the girl's dress, the owner has developed a passion for Maelström, or I can't account for the Emerson craze. I can only tell you there is one, so you'll know what books to buy for them, if you prefer not to send the money.
There is a story told of Emerson and Margaret Fuller, both of whom went

to see Fanny Emerson dance.
"Happily," exclaimed Margaret Fuller, "this is Poetry!"
"Margaret," replied the sage impressively, "it is Religion!"
Possibly Emerson chorus verse may be due to this complimentary and unimpaired view of the dancing art. For it is a little danger was Poetry and Religion, what would a whole pony ballet be?
"Answer, the chorus has the taste. All it needs now is the money. Won't you be so kind to that small extent, Mr. Carnegie? As the patron saint of libraries you cannot refuse."
Surely, if you had realized the chorus's crying need of knowledge you would have ministered to the heads of the damsels with the twinkling feet long ago.
Ponce made a graduate of musical comedy into the legitimate happy for a week by giving her—loose to say, at her request—a copy of the North American Review, which she carried about with her until it fell to pieces, and thereby acquired a reputation for profundity that made her the envy of her contemporaries.
Open your purse, Mr. Carnegie, and remembering the libraries for chorus girls, open it wide and then it upsets down.

An Interesting Computation.

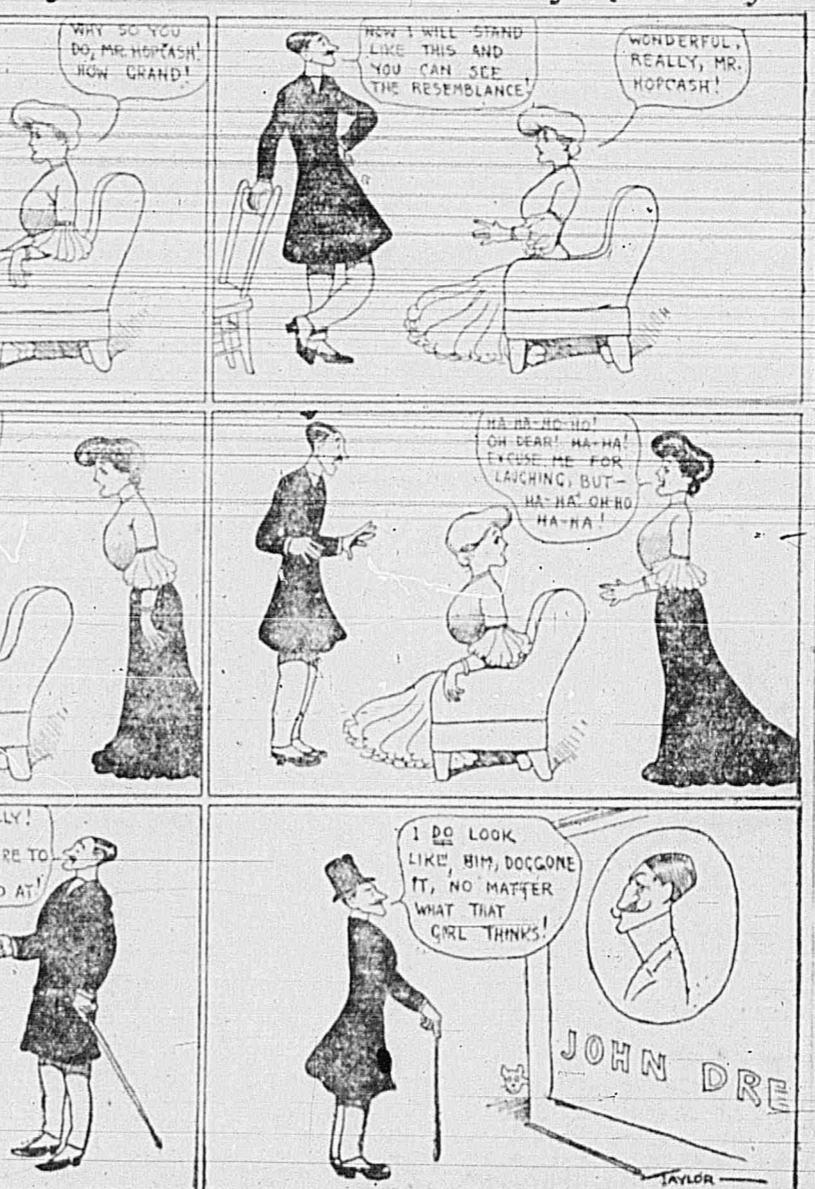
HOW much time does a woman spend before the looking-glass? A German estimates that a girl of six to ten years spends an average of seven minutes a day before a mirror; from ten to fifteen, a quarter of an hour; if consumed daily, and from fifteen to twenty, twenty-two minutes. A woman of seventy, it is estimated, has spent 5,522 hours before the glass; in other words, eight months, counting day and night.

Two-Minute Talks With New Yorkers.

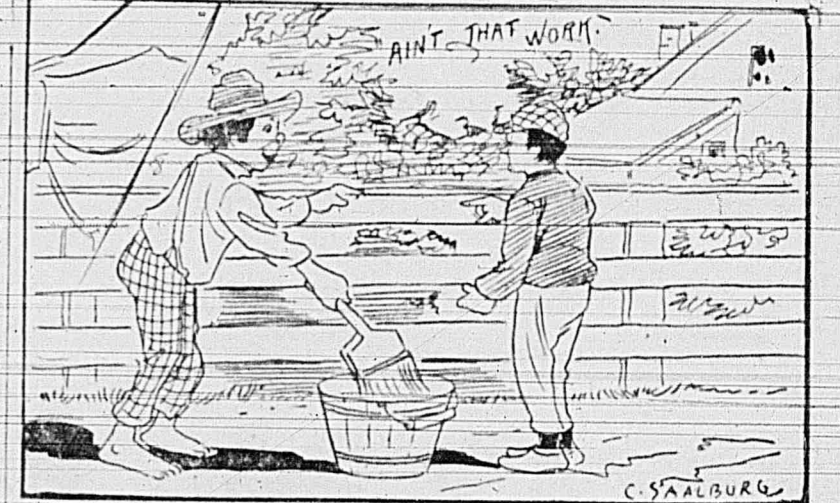


By T. O. McGill.
"It is people's talk," said a man, "the length of the list of men who are worth so much money that they cannot actually tell just how large their fortunes are."
"I know," said a woman, "I wish the colored mining millionaire, who is a near New Yorker, knew as much as he lives at the Waldorf most of the year. We are not on that list, but we're not poor."
"Neither am I," said he, "but the list is a long one, just the same. We find men in America so rich that they are unable to give anything like an approximate estimate of their wealth. Concentrated wealth (both corporate and individual) is crushing out of the masses the life and spirit of individual ownership, individual independence and almost of individual existence."
"Individualism is the rock upon which former great republics were wrecked, and that is the danger which is manifesting itself more and more in the crushing monopolies and one-man-power which gets more and more insistent every day."
"There must come a time when individual existence will become a matter of license and when a man who doesn't wear somebody's colors will be a desert on the sea of life, unless we find some logical means of checking the power of concentrated wealth."
GENESIS UP TO DATE.
Teacher—Now, Willie Green, what was it that Eve gave to Adam which caused the downfall of man?
Willie (who reads the comics)—A lemon.

The Lovey-Dovey Sisters



The Seven-in-Six Puzzles. Fourth Series—Mark Twain.



Hidden Picture 6—Find Tom's Father.

THE EVENING WORLD here prints a hidden-picture puzzle. It will print one every day. Each picture is complete in itself, but if you will cut out and save the six pictures of each series and put them together properly at the end of the week you will be surprised to find that they make one big seventh picture that not only belongs to the group, but without which the series would be incomplete. Save the Mark Twain series and find the seventh hidden picture.

MAID WITH A BRAIN TO SELL.

By Walter A. Sinclair.
(Misses Maple, of Chicago, offers to sell her brain to the highest bidder.)
O! Maid with a Brain to Sell at a mere ten thousand pds.
Say—what is your little graft, that has kicked up such a stir?
Oh, what is your little graft, that has caused all your published rage?
Will you spring a book?
May the public look
For your debut upon the stage?
We've marked all your gloomy views, oh, Maid with a Brain to Sell.
We see that you don't enthrall when typewriting sure is well.
We'd hate to repeat the phrase—it sounds like a bid for fame.
Is it Play or Book
That invites The Hook
When you've capitalized your name?
Oh, Maid with a Brain to Sell, you're clever—that much we'll say.
But where will you sell that brain? And how will you spend the pay?
For spenders sans brains need wealth that runs to the million mark.
And we'd like to know:
Is it Book or Show
That's concealed in this gloom so dark?

Sentence Sermons for Busy Readers.

ONLY the hopeful can help.
All joy were but discord without sorrow.
The only way to lift life is to lay life down.
The cure for our own cares is care for others.
There is nothing heroic in a homemade heresy.
Only a dead creed can be embalmed in phrases.
The secret of being a saint is being a saint in secret.
You cannot lift up the people upon whom you look down.
No man loses any of his own light by kindling it to others.
It's no use looking like a lemon when you talk of loving your neighbor.—Chicago Tribune.